

Agriculture --- Florida's Opportunity

Conducted by W. E. Pabor

PRELUDE.

What, then? Shall we sit idly down and say
The night hath come; it is no longer day?
The night hath not yet come; we are not quite
Cut off from labor by the failing light;
Something remains for us to do or dare,
Even the oldest trees some fruit may bear,
For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress;
And as the evening twilight fades away,
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.
—Longfellow.

Sad and solemn are the cadences of the dying year. Only a few months ago, how full of life and vigor was the new year, now grown old and ready to drop into the irrevocable past. It has spent its life on earth, for good and ill, and its footprints are eternal. Nothing can be altered, nothing recalled. It has left its ineffaceable marks and they cannot be removed.
—Macaulay.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes; tie up his chin;
Step from the corpse and let him in
That standeth there alone
And waiteth at the door;
There's a new foot on the floor
And a new face at the door
My friend,
A new face at the door.
—Tennyson.

To one and all, both great and small, we wish good cheer all through the year.

Turn over a new leaf, if you will; but let the moving finger trace upon it pure thoughts and noble resolves.

We have done it so often in the past; we hope to do it many times in the future; but how stands the record of results?

Are we any wiser by our experience? Can we look backward and see, at the parting of the ways, that we took the right path and not the wrong?

Question the Oracle if you will, as to what shall happen as the days of the New Year go by; but base not your hours of happiness upon Hope, for it hath Disappointment for a twin sister.

The Tallahassee Capital hit the nail squarely on the head when it said: "After reading Secretary

Wilson's report, the farmer must be convinced that he is rich, even if he wears one gallus and his principal asset is a yellow dog."

Editor Jordan of the Punta Gorda Herald recently acknowledged receiving a Ponderosa, or Wonder lemon, that was half as large as a peck measure and "a beauty in shape and color." This beats the Miami eggplant story, so De Soto County can, for the present, crow over her sister county on the east coast.

General Albert W. Gilchrist of De Soto County, who is prominent politically before the people, not long ago brought with him from New York City an okra recipe, obtained probably from the chef of the Waldorf-Astoria, which he commended to the wives of his constituents in the county and to his friends elsewhere. He now comes to the front with a so-called petrified orange which he has added to a certain museum of natural and un-natural curios he maintains at his Punta Gorda home. It was found five years ago on one of the creeks down there. Why it has been kept so long from public notice is not stated, but we have the assurance of the Herald that it is a perfect specimen, showing the bud and stem ends and all the natural markings of the rind, and weighs just about as much as the ordinary orange.

No more sensible advice could be given to the farmers of the South, on the subject of cotton raising, than that contained in the circular letter issued by President Jordan, advising no increased acreage but making a strong appeal to "plant an abundance of small grain, corn and side crops" as well as "more hay, cattle and hogs that the farms may become more self-sustaining." This advice does not apply to Florida, for year by year diversified field crops in connection with groves have increased their acreage, and nowhere south of Mason and Dixon's line can it be said that prosperity is more pronounced than with us, and the keystone of this arch of prosperity has engraved on it "Diversified Crops."

The South, says the Southern Farmer, needs homeseekers and if it can get the ready-made Americans to come down from the Middle West it would prefer them to foreigners. Yes, but with the Government opening up millions of the most fertile land in the world, under irrigation canals in the Rocky Mountain region, the Middle West farmer will be sure to go there instead of coming where the race

problem is a most serious one in the cheap black labor that is retarding the South more than any other cause. The South needs white laboring men as much as it needs fore-handed white farmers; and, if the native-born cannot be had, let the foreigner come and be made welcome.

An orange, weighing three pounds, measuring twenty-two inches in diameter (?) was recently taken from a tree in the grove of Senator McConkey, near Winter Park. The pulp and juice filled three quarts, while the skin surface covered a little over a square foot. The variety was that of California specialty, Washington Navel; but we doubt if the Golden Coast county has ever shown up such a prodigy. Seeing is believing, you know; but there are cases when one must take the word of another, so we shift the responsibility for this story on the shoulders of the editor of the Herald, in which we found the statement.

The Tropical Sun printed recently an interview had with some gentlemen from New York who visited Cuba to investigate conditions that existed in the line of oranges and pineapples. They announce that the pineapple outlook is one from which Florida growers need have no fear. The output is deteriorating in quality as well as quantity and size. The Florida grower has quicker transportation, a better quality of fruit and no duty to pay. All this may be true, yet should Americans carry on in Cuba plantations as carefully cultivated as they are in Florida, the situation might change. We probably have nothing to fear from the native element, but we may have from intelligent culture, backed by abundant capital.

The \$1 fruit rate per 100 pounds from California to London and other European ports, announced so gleefully by the San Francisco papers as having been secured, turns out to be untrue. No such rate has been granted by either of the great railway systems—the Santa Fe and the Southern Pacific—that reach Eastern connections. An effort, however, is being made to secure this figure to New York on fruit intended for export. But few California oranges reach European markets, but it is hoped that, if the new arrangement is completed, shipments would greatly increase and prevent all fears of overproduction, which appears to be the trouble, just now, on the Golden Coast. Florida, at least, has no occasion to worry over this possibility, for many years to come.

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Helpful Hints for Her Ladyship

By Eleanore du Bois

Already the week of wonder and of joyous expectation for the little folks and the grown-ups has run its course, and we face the coming year.

Standing on the threshold of the year 1906, I wish all my readers a most prosperous season and with the realization that each day will bring its quota of work for each one of us, I express the hope that this work may be simplified as much as possible (and yet be thorough), and that each bit of work will be a pleasure and delight, instead of a drudgery.

Let us make work and duty beautiful and attractive, a good habit, indeed, so that we can look them square in the face and so have won our fight against the old-time fear of drudgery and slavery which household progress implied and demanded.

Let us concentrate and simplify along all lines, even though an intense desire to do as our more wealthy friends and acquaintances may possess us. In the ordinary vernacular, "cut it out," for if you do not, you are going to heap upon yourself an unlimited amount of care, worry and misery, which combination is going to prove to be like a canker, that will either need the dissecting knife of that physician known to but few as Doctor Common-Sense; or that will make you a very sick woman, not physically, but mentally, until all your friends will sadly exclaim as they sympathetically shake their heads: "I do not know what is the matter with her. She is so changed. All the sunshine has gone from her. She looks as unhappy and miserable as she always says she feels."

You will find with the adoption of some system that you can do away with much unnecessary work, and that, too, without your house having the appearance of neglect. Things will look just as "spic-and-span" if you concentrate.

Pack away carefully all things you do not need. And remember where you pack them, so you can get them should you need them. Do not have too much

bric-a-brac on display, as if each room were the sales-room of some big department store.

If you desire an outing once a day set your hour for your walk. Then look upon that time of the day as if you had to catch a train at that very time. With this suggestion well grounded you will have that daily walk just as sure as the very hour itself is bound to be reached.

By similar suggestion and system you will make other "appointments with yourself" to do other things, such as joining the Village Improvement Association of your city or town, of joining the Ladies' Aid Society of your church, of taking up the reading of your favorite authors and keeping abreast with current literature. Most of us have been—and too many of us still are—slaves to household nicety details which have kept us indoors all day long, fussing about stooping, bending, climbing and working until night was gladly welcomed and day-break was feared. For it was a continuous performance.

Without being the least bit selfish, let the fullness of each day be our own. By such an absorption of good-will are we enabled to radiate health, cheerfulness and good-will about us, and so do our work most completely and thoroughly. We will be most helpful to others while having been thoughtful to ourselves. We will have placed ourselves in the attitude wherein our hardest tasks will be met with seemingly the least effort.

And I hope all will find each day of 1906 filled with profit and comfort, health and harmony, and with tasks quickly and satisfactorily accomplished.

Everywhere, during the past week, the Yuletide spirit was evident; everyone carried bundles and packages and looked happy, and in the shopping districts of Jacksonville it seemed at times almost like solid walls of humanity on the streets. There was,

of course, some jostling, but it was all accepted in the spirit of the season. The hint I gave last week for 1906 Christmas preparation has already been accepted. One letter, received this week, informs me that the making of several gifts has already been started, and that this mother is determined that as soon as they are finished she will put them away until Christmas time, and in the meanwhile she will add, by purchase and by her handiwork, to her collection so that she will know all the year through that all her dear ones and friends will have been provided for in ample time.

Another letter tells me that the writer has two presents finished. The letter reads, in part:

"While looking over an illustrated New York paper, I came across some excellent black and white reproductions of handsome cats and beautiful dogs.

"Now, I had only shortly before finished reading your talk about your Aunt Hannah in THE SUN of December 23, and it came to my mind that I had two friends, who loved pets and always had them, who could be provided almost on the spot with Christmas presents. So up I jumped and procured my scissors and at once carefully cut out the pictures. Then I quickly found some green and also some red cardboard, and with the aid of paste I had two handsome panel pictures completed within a half-hour's time.

"I followed Aunt Hannah's method, and wrapped up each panel carefully and put it in a pretty box, around which I placed a wrapper with the name of each friend on each box.

"Why, I think it is just fine, this idea, and I am going to work and commence to embroider a cushion design I've decided to buy. I certainly will not find it difficult to hide my gifts away for a whole year, because I've just made up my mind to do it.

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